

THRILL TO THE EXPLOITS OF CRABBE'S CRUSADERS INSIDE!

BUSTER ^{7d}

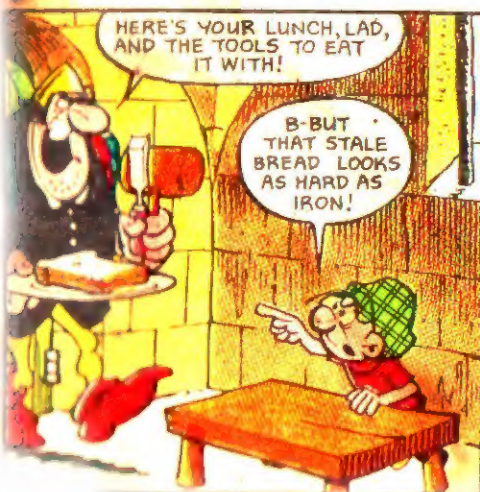
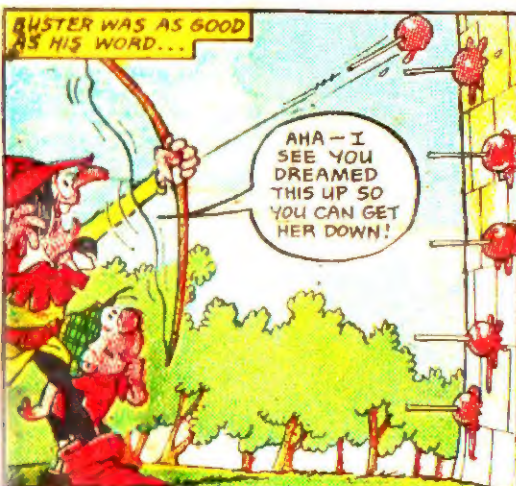
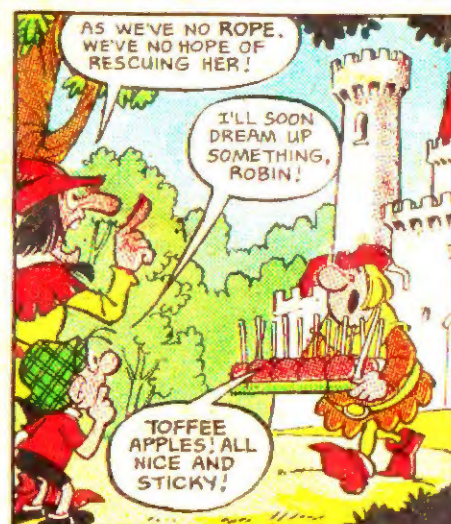
EVERY MONDAY and Giggle

11th JANUARY, 1969

Australia 10 cents; New Zealand 10 cents; South Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 1/-; East Africa 1.00 cents; West Africa 1/-; Malta 9d; Canada 15 cents; Malaysia 40 cents; Denmark Kr. 1.85; Deutschland Dm. .55; Espana Pes. 10.0; Nederland Fl. .70; Norge Kr. 1.25; Portugal Esc. 5.0; Suomi Fm. .60; Sverige Kr. .75; Italia L. 120.

BUSTER'S DREAM-WORLD

IN JUST A FEW MOMENTS YOU CAN JOIN "THE MERRY MEN OF SHERWOOD FOREST" IN ANOTHER ROUSING ADVENTURE!

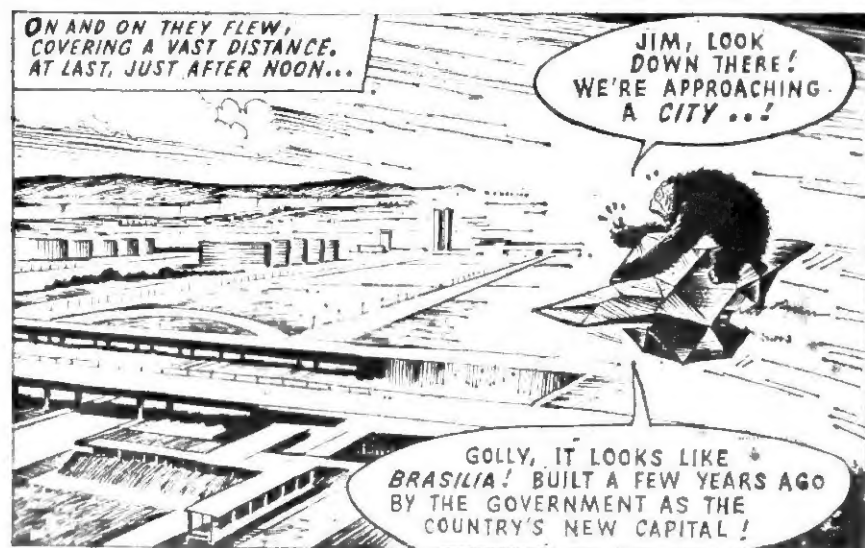
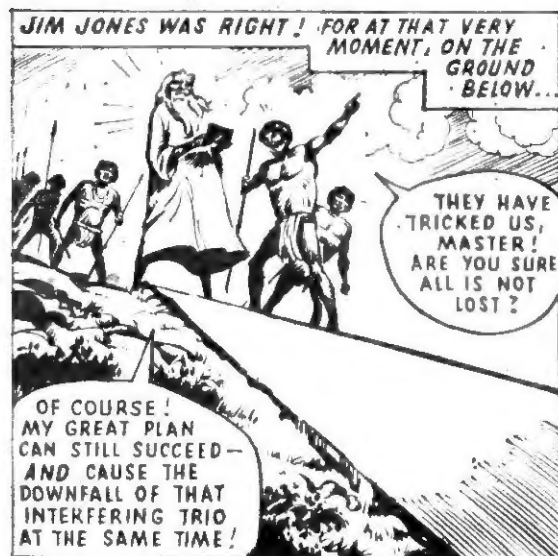


THE FANTASTIC FLYING MACHINE SOARED SKYWARDS... WITH GALAXUS CLINGING ON!

GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus had been marooned on Earth, and although he meant no harm to anyone he was being hunted throughout South America. With Jim and Danny Jones, Galaxus was tracked down in jungle territory by the "White Sky-Lord" who had built a fantastic flying machine. They made a desperate bid to escape aboard the strange craft...

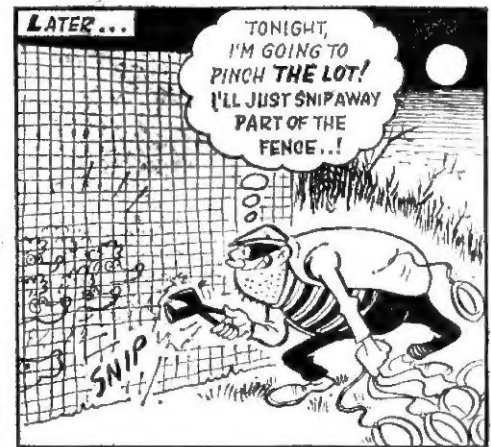




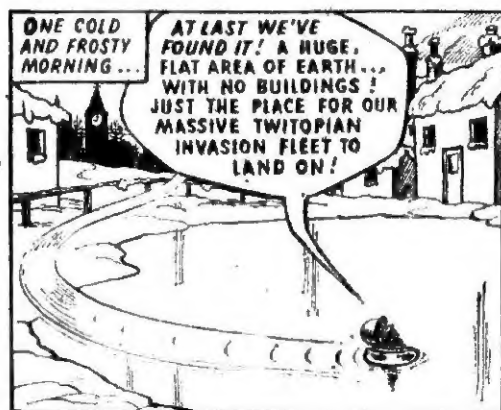


WILL THE PLANES DESTROY THE OCTAGON AND SEAL THE FUGITIVES' FATE? SEE NEXT WEEK!

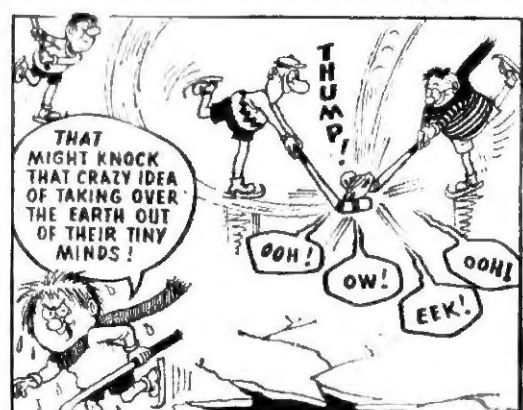
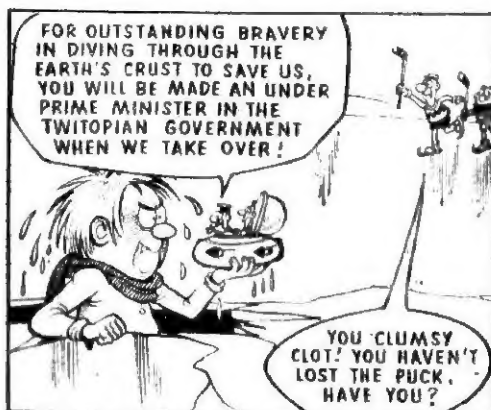
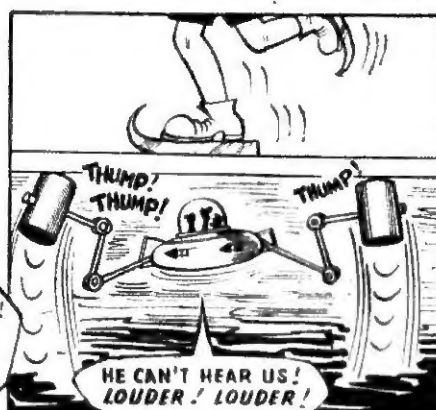
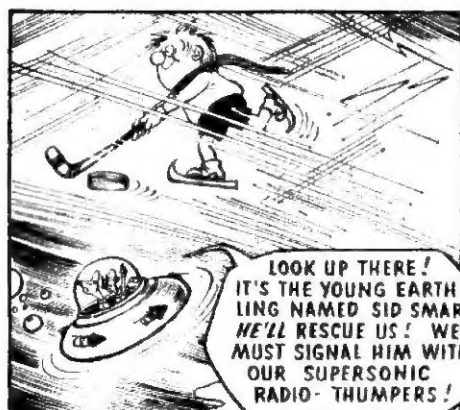
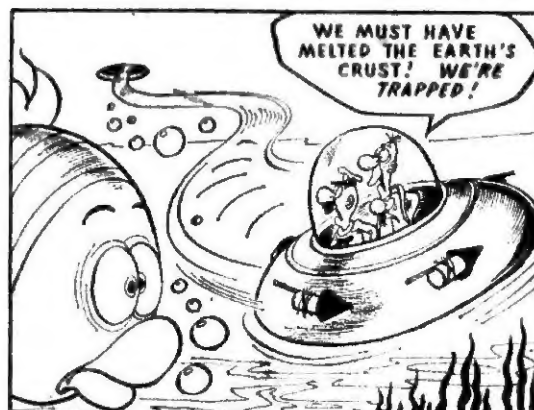
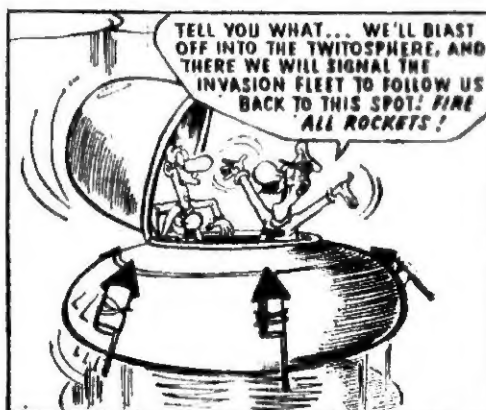
RENT-A-GHOST Ltd.



IT'S A PITY THE TWITAPIANS TURN ON THE HEAT... THEY ONLY MELT THE ICE THEY'RE RESTING ON!



AT LAST WE'VE FOUND IT! A HUGE, FLAT AREA OF EARTH... WITH NO BUILDINGS! JUST THE PLACE FOR OUR MASSIVE TWITAPIAN INVASION FLEET TO LAND ON!



THE SPACEMEN TAKE THEIR FIRST LOOK AT BOXING NEXT MONDAY... AND ARE KNOCKED OUT BY IT!

Calling all members!

WOW! I'm up to my ears in entries for last week's "NAME THE GAME" competition! Such a lot of you decided to try for those prize watches that I don't know where to turn! It will take me quite a while to sort out the winners, but their names will be printed right here on Club Page, as soon as possible.

And it wasn't only competition entries! Hundreds of new readers have sent in to join the Club, and I'd like to say a special hello to them. Welcome to the Club, chums! You've all been enrolled as full members, and that means you can take part in all the Club fun from now on!

Your old pal,

Buster.



SIX OF THE BEST!

INTRODUCING six Club members who are glad they joined the Club—they've had their photos chosen to appear on Club Page! If you're a registered Club member, your photo could be on a future Club Page, too! Here's how...

Just send a recent, clear head-and-shoulders photograph of yourself, and on the back of it print your full name, address and date of birth. On a separate piece of paper, list your hobbies and interests. Pop both items in an envelope—together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope so that we can return your photo later—and post to the Club address. Do it today!

This is David Bench, from Rugby. David's favourite pastimes are fishing and swimming.



Glasgow member, Paul Dawson spends his spare time playing football and tennis.

Clyde Palmer, of Bury St. Edmunds, says his main interest is cross-country running.



Meet John King, from London S.E.2. He likes playing football with his brother.

And here is John's younger brother, Bobby King! He says BUSTER is their favourite comic of all.



Nigel Taylor hails from Cranbrook. His in-

BUSTER'S BIRTHDAY CLUB

WRITE TO: BUSTER'S BIRTHDAY CLUB, 1-2 Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. (Comp.)

From you to me...

of them has won the sender a cash prize. If you haven't written in Club Page recently, why not do so now? If YOUR letter is printed you'll win ten shillings—like Suzanne and Penny!

HERE are two more prizewinning letters from Club members, and each

TOTTERIDGE member, Suzanne Samson, is very enthusiastic about a wonderful cruise she went on.

"First, we sailed to Oslo, Norway," she writes, "cruising in and out of beautiful inlets, or fjords, all along the coast. In Oslo it was raining, but it cleared up in the afternoon, and we went to see the Monolith at Vigeland's Park. We also viewed the famous Holmenkollen ski-jump.

"Finally it was time to return. Our last port of call was Amsterdam. There, we toured the town and had an exciting trip on a water-bus.

"I bought a lot of souvenirs in Amsterdam, but all my favourite ones have now disappeared. You see, my friends love Dutch chocolate, too!"

PENNY ASTROP, of Oxford, writes to tell about a mysterious invasion of little green... well, read on and find out for yourself!

"Last spring," writes Penny, "my dad planted some nasturtiums in the garden. A few months later, we noticed several caterpillars on one of them. Within a week there were hundreds of them, crawling all over the plants.

"After much hard work, we managed to get rid of them, and dad was just relaxing with 1 feet up in the living room when he noticed something on the ceiling. It was—you've guessed it—a caterpillar. The thing is, no one has an idea how it got there!"

Sounds like a case of "catapulted caterpillar Penny! It must have sprouted wings!

... NOW TRY FOR A BIRTH DATE PRIZE!

29th January, 1959

17th July, 1961

16th November, 1958

25th April, 1957

22nd June, 1956

10th September, 1960

CHOOSE FROM THESE

LOOK at the prizes to be won this week in the Birth Date Game. chums! You can choose from: Disguise Outfit, Writing Folder, Fountain Pen, Model Vintage Car Kit or Pocket Knife.

To be eligible, you must have joined the Club by Monday, 30th December, AND you must be able to find your birth date—exact day, month and year—among the six listed above.

Does this include you? Then solve the simple test puzzle and you've won your prize! Just unscramble these "words"—

SRI CRANSIF DEARK

—to spell the name of a famous English seaman.

Write your answer on a postcard, with your full name, address, date of birth, and choice of prize. Print "BIRTH DATE GAME" in the top left corner (address side) and post to reach the Club address by Friday, 17th January. If you live overseas you have longer—until 30th May—to reply. Remember, you cannot win a Birth Date Award more than once!



FREE! STAMP COLLECTORS OUTFIT

Including:

- ★ STAMP IDENTIFIER
- ★ SURPRISE PACKET OF FOREIGN STAMPS
- ★ STAMP ALBUM
- ★ TRANSPARENT ENVELOPES
- ★ PRIZE SET OF 9 HUNGARIAN STAMPS
- ★ MAGNIFYING GLASS



Just send us your name and address and enclose 6d. for postage. Our famous Discount Pictorial Approvals will accompany each outfit.

If you're under 16 please tell your parents you are writing.

BRIDGNORTH STAMP CO. LTD.

FREE 33 BRITISH COLONIA QUEEN STAMPS (A of which are shown here)

Send a 4d. stamp for postage and ask to see our famous PICTORIAL DISCOUNT APPROVALS.

Approvals are not sent outside the British Isles but this offer can be had for 3/- to those not wanting our approvals.



(Please tell your parents you are approving)

THE WULFRUNA STAMP CO. (RTE)



The SKID KIDS



Racing driver Simon Starr and his inventor pal "Brainbox" Cox had saved the people of a French village from starvation after they had been cut off from the outside world by winter conditions. When the snow thawed, Simon and Brainbox prepared to leave for home . . .

THE VILLAGERS CROWDED THE SQUARE TO BID THE SKID KIDS FAREWELL . . .

REMEMBER, MY FRIENDS! WE WILL SEND A NEW CAR TO YOU AS A TOKEN OF OUR GRATITUDE! YOU WILL RACE IN IT... AND BRING GREAT HONOUR TO OUR VILLAGE!

WE HOPE SO, SIR! CHEERIO!

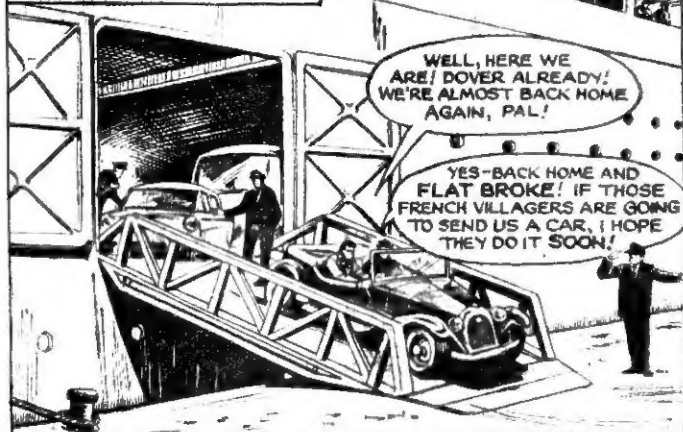
THREE CHEERS FOR ZE SKEED KIDS!



THE FERRY FARES BACK ACROSS THE CHANNEL TOOK THE LAST OF THE SKID KIDS' READY CASH...

WELL, HERE WE ARE! DOVER ALREADY! WE'RE ALMOST BACK HOME AGAIN, PAL!

YES-BACK HOME AND FLAT BROKE! IF THOSE FRENCH VILLAGERS ARE GOING TO SEND US A CAR, I HOPE THEY DO IT SOON!



AT THEIR GARAGE HOME...

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO FOR MONEY, BRAINBOX? WE'VE GOT TO BUY FOOD!

THE CAR WILL HAVE TO BE SOLD! PITY, THOUGH...IT'S BEEN GOOD, BUT SUFFERED QUITE A FEW KNOCKS!



SIMON TOOK THE CAR INTO TOWN, AND AT THE FIRST USED CAR LOT...

SORRY I CAN'T GIVE YOU MORE CASH... BUT BUSINESS IS BAD, BELIEVE ME!

USED CARS

IT'LL KEEP US IN GRUB FOR A WHILE! MAYBE OUR LUCK WILL CHANGE...!



WHEN SIMON RETURNED, HE FOUND BRAINBOX FULLY OCCUPIED...

I'VE GOT SOME POTATOES, BREAD, TEA, AND BISCUITS! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO, OLD PAL?

OH, JUST BREWING UP, AND-ER-ANGLING, TOO! WITH A BIT OF LUCK WE CAN HAVE FISH AND CHIPS FOR TEA!



SUDDENLY, A BELL RANG OUT, CAUSING SIMON TO WHIRL...

HEY, WHAT'S THAT?

AH... MY FISHING MACHINE! I THINK I'VE GOT A BITE!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?

WELL, THIS LEVER IS CONNECTED TO SIX WIRES THAT LEAD OUT TO THE STREAM!



SURE ENOUGH, AT THE BACK OF THE GARAGE...

D-DO YOU MEAN YOU RIGGED ALL THAT UP JUST TO CATCH A FISH?



FOUR FISH, SIMON! AND WITH A BIT MORE LUCK, I'D HAVE CAUGHT SIX! MASS PRODUCTION IS WHAT YOU NEED THESE DAYS!

SO, THANKS TO THE BUDDING YOUNG INVENTOR, THEY ATE WELL THAT EVENING...

NOT A BAD LIFE THIS, BRAINBOX...PLENTY OF FISH AND CHIPS, ANYWAY!



I'M AFRAID IT WILL BE FISH FOR BREAKFAST TOMORROW, AS WELL...AND FOR DINNER...AND..!

DAYS PASSED, AND THE SKID KIDS SUFFERED...



BRRRR! IT'S FREEZING! WHOSE TURN IS IT TO GET UP AND LIGHT THE FIRE?

I THINK IT MUST BE MINE! OH, DEAR... I'LL HAVE TO CHOP SOME MORE WOOD! WE USED UP THE LAST OF THE LOGS YESTERDAY! WHAT A NUISANCE!

AT MID-DAY...AFTER YET ANOTHER FISH AND CHIPS LUNCH...



IT'S NO GOOD...WE'LL HAVE TO FIND JOBS, BRAINBOX! WE CAN'T JUST SIT AND WAIT FOR THOSE FRENCH VILLAGERS TO SEND US A CAR!

H'M! IT DOES APPEAR AS THOUGH THEY HAVE FORGOTTEN US, SIMON!

AN EARTHY ROAR ECHOED FROM AHEAD...



COR, LOOK WHAT'S COMING! WHAT A SMASHING SPORTS CAR!

SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK...THAT'S JUST WHAT WE COULD DO WITH!

THEY TURNED TO WATCH THE CAR PASS...



HEY! CAN YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

YES! I DO SEE IT...! DO!

ON THE BACK OF THE CAR...



IT'S OUR CAR!

TO THE SKID KIDS
A PRESENT FROM THE
GRATEFUL VILLAGERS OF
DOLDIENE



HEY... STOP!

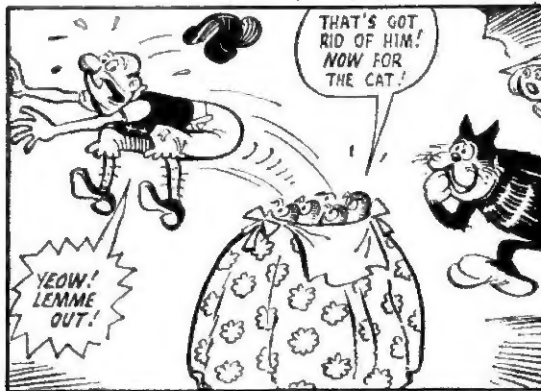
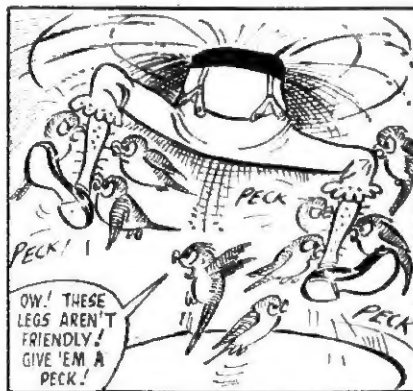
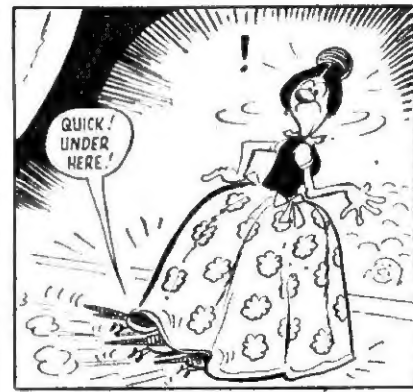
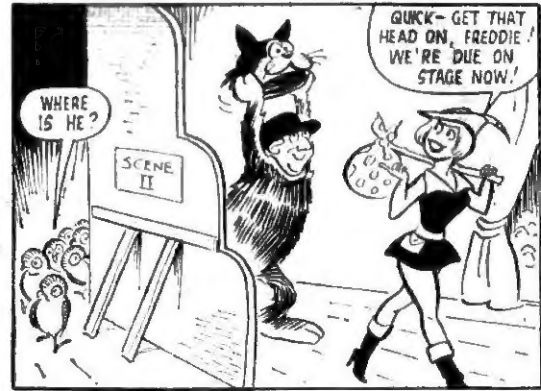
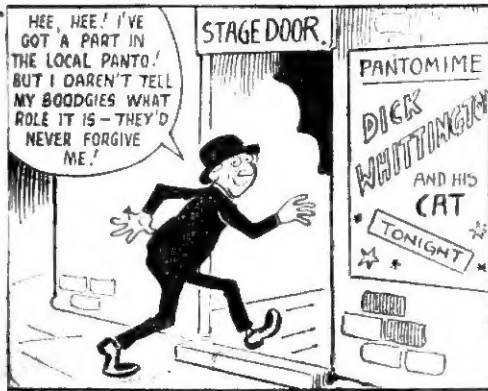
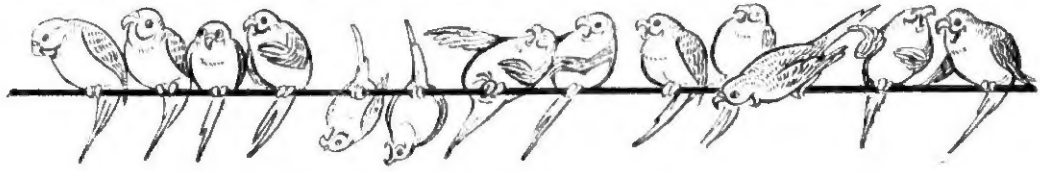
HE MAY THINK WE'VE LEFT THE GARAGE--AND TAKE THE CAR BACK!

WILL FATE ROD THE PAIS OF A CHANGE IN FORTUNE? YOU MUST NOT MISS THE NEXT EPISODE!

TRUST THE BUDGIES TO ACT UP WHEN FREDDIE GETS THE STAR ROLE IN A PANTOMIME!



FREDDIE "Parrot-face" DAVIES



THERE IS A LOT OF ICE ABOUT NEXT MONDAY... SO THERE CAN'T FAIL TO BE SOME SLIP-UPS!

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of Charlie Peace



Back in old Victorian London, Charlie Peace had been renowned as an expert cat-burglar. Now, having been transported in a time-machine to the modern city of today, the amazing crook found things far different...

ONE DAY, IN A WORKING-MAN'S CAFE...

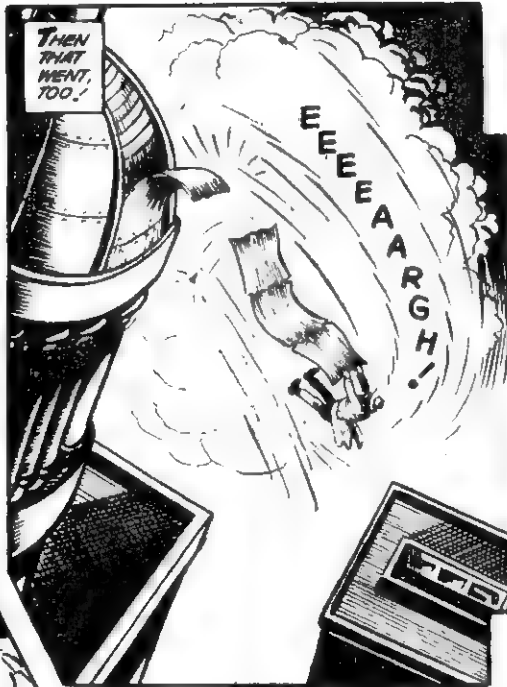
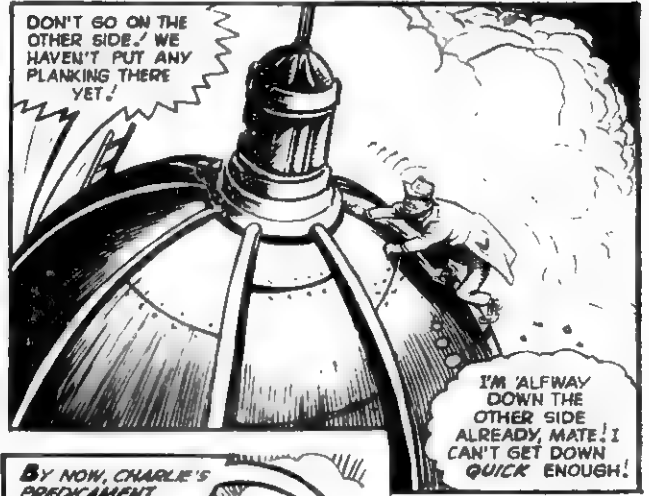


A FOREMAN OVERHEARD...



CONTINUED OVERLEAF...

THE ARCH-ROGUE IGNORED A WARNING ... AND THAT LED TO HIS DOWNFALL!



THE CUNNING CROOK CLIMBED...
AND GOT THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE!

GNUUR! WHAT'S
THIS AT THE
TOP OF THE
SCAFFOLDING?

HE WAS IN A NATURAL
HISTORY MUSEUM!

YOW! WHY
DID I AVE
TO MENTION
"BONES" JUST
NOW?

THE WORD "POLICE" WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE THE
OLD CROOK ACT SWIFTLY, LEAPING ACROSS FROM
THE TYRANNOSAURUS, HE SLID DOWN THE BACK
ANOTHER PREHISTORIC BEAST...

THIS IS WHAT
YOU COULD
CALL "TAKING
THE BACK
WAY OUT".
HO, HO!

COME DOWN
IMMEDIATELY,
OR I'LL CALL
THE POLICE!

PTERODACTYL

DIPLODOC

TYRANNO-
SAURUS
REX

OOOPS!
SORRY,
GUV'NOR!

BOMP!

AAH!

PREHISTORIC
LIZARD

THE PROFESSOR
WAS UPSET!

YOU CLUMSY FOOL!
IT'S TAKEN ME A
MONTH TO FIT THIS
SPECIMEN TOGETHER!

I'LL
TEACH HIM
A LESSON,
PROF!

I-I'LL
GET YOU
YET!

OH, NO, YOU
WON'T, MATE!

PAH!

RIVER BOATS
LEAVE HERE
EVERY HOUR

WELCOME
ABOARD CHUM!
BUSINESS AIN'T
VERY BRISK TODAY!

IN THE SALOON OF
THE RIVER STEAMER...

LUNCH
IS SERVED,
SIR!

WELL, I'VE EARNED THIS,
AVENT I? LET'S MAKE NO
BONES ABOUT IT... I DID STRIP
THAT LEAD OFF AS ORDERED,
SO WHO CAN COMPLAIN THAT
I DIDN'T WORK FOR MY LIVING?

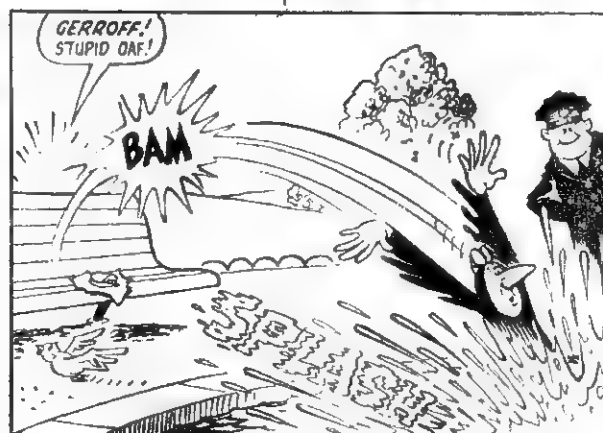
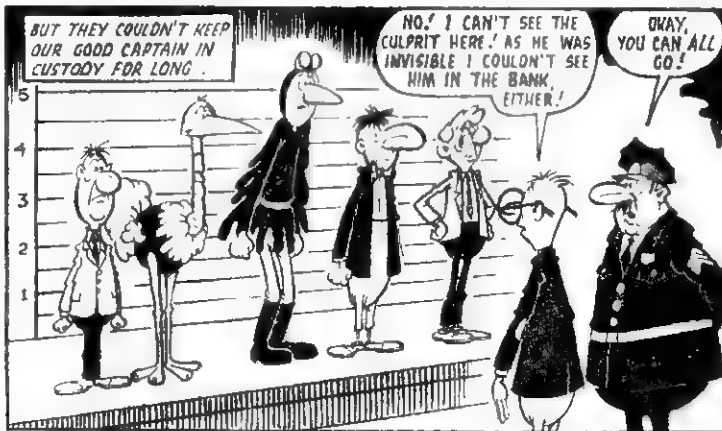
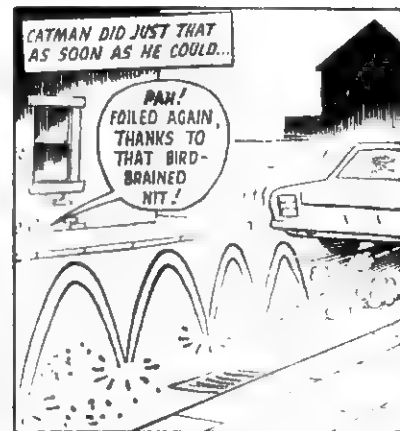
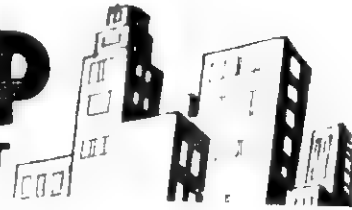
CHARLIE PEACE RETURNS NEXT MONDAY IN ANOTHER EPIC PICTURE-THRILLER!

CRIME-FIGHTER SWOOP ACHIEVES A RECORD... ARRESTED TWICE IN ONE DAY!



CAPTAIN SWOOP

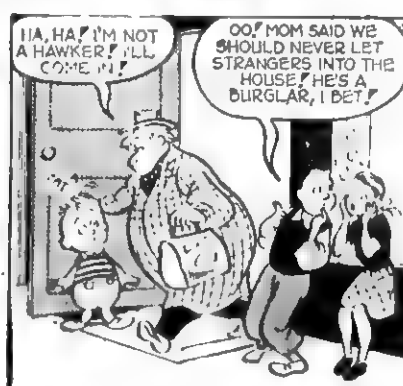
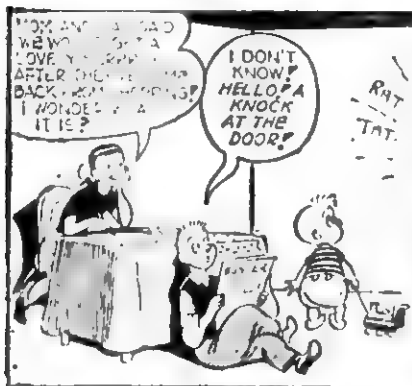
HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BIRD, HALF WIT



IS CATMAN ABOUT TO COME INTO THE OPEN AGAIN? FOLLOW THE FUN NEXT WEEK!

WHEN A STRANGER INVITES HIMSELF IN, THE KIDS GIVE HIM A FAR-FROM-WARM WELCOME!

The HAPPY FAMILY

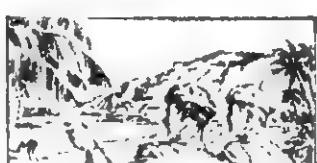


13-17? You could be an Air Cadet

Join the Air Training Corps and you've got a hobby that's really worth having. Here are a few of the things you can do.



Get your wings as a glider pilot. The ATC has 160 gliders, in 27 different gliding schools.
Learn about flying. You could even get a flying Scholarship of 30 hours flying training (including 10 hours solo) with a Civil Flying School.
Learn to shoot — .22 as well as .303. There is a Cadets' Blesley every year.



Travel and meet people. 1300 cadets visit the R.A.F. abroad each year. Cadets may also visit 18 foreign countries under the international air cadet exchange scheme.

Make new friends by the dozen! The Air Training Corps is a voluntary youth movement whose programme is specially arranged so as not to interfere with school activities. There are Squadrons all over the country—more than 850 in all.

Prepare for your career. If you decide to join the R.A.F., it is an advantage to have been in the A.T.C. If you want a civilian career, most employers recognise the practical value of Air Cadet training.

Learn about engines, radio, radar, parachutes, dinghies, aircraft recognition—dozens of other things.

Visit R.A.F. Stations on annual camp. **Sport**, from climbing to canoeing, from football to fencing—you name it.



Send now for this leaflet

To Wing Commander
O. K. A. Hollett, R.A.F.,
Headquarters Air Cadets
(8945 VZ).
Royal Air Force,
Brampton, Hants.

Please include your birth date.

NAME

ADDRESS

DATE OF BIRTH



TIGHTLY BOUND, FISHBOY WAS PITCHED INTO A DEEP AND DARK SHAFT!

FISHBOY

Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to get his food from the sea, Fishboy developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents might still be alive and living in London, he set off to find them. Reaching England at last, Fishboy was captured by a tribe of gipsies in the Lake District. They believed that he had come from the sea to menace them...



YES, THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO DEAL WITH AN UNEARTHLY BEING SUCH AS THIS! ENTOMB HIM FOREVER IN THE CORRIDORS OF ETERNAL NIGHT!

F-FISHBOY NO UNDERSTAND! WHY YOU TIE HIM UP?



JOHNNY WISDOM, ELDER OF THE TRIBE, LAUGHED HARSHLY...

YOU CANNOT TRICK ME WITH SUCH A PLEA OF INNOCENCE! WE KNOW YOU HAVE BEEN SENT BY THE ANGRY SEA KING TO DESTROY US!

YES... SUCH A WARNING IS WRITTEN IN OUR TRIBAL HISTORY! THEREFORE, WE MUST PROTECT OURSELVES!



AT THE TOP OF A BLEAK WINDSWEEP HILL, THE MEN STOPPED. AND THEN...

A HOLE IN GROUND! T-THEY CARRY FISHBOY TOWARDS IT...



NEXT MOMENT, THE YOUNGSTER WAS BEING LOWERED INTO THE SHAFT...

ALL IS READY, JOHNNY WISDOM! I AWAIT YOUR COMMAND!

THEN DROP HIM! LET THE CORRIDORS OF ETERNAL NIGHT SEAL HIS FATE!



NOT REALISING HE HAD BEEN TAKEN TO THE ENTRANCE OF A POTHOLE, FISHBOY FELT HIMSELF FALLING DOWN...DOWN...DOWN...!

YEEEAHH!



ENDLESS SECONDS LATER...

SPLAASH!



HIS MIND REELING, FISHBOY FLOATED TO THE SIDE OF THE POOL AND BEGAN TO RUB THE ROPES WHICH HELD HIM AGAINST A SHARP ROCK...

M-MANY TUNNELS LEADING THROUGH WALL... NO WAY OUT! F-FISHBOY MUST FREE HIMSELF AND CLIMB BACK UP TO HOLE ABOVE!

BUT EVEN AS THE ROPES PARTED, HE HEARD A RUMBLING SOUND FROM THE ROOF OF THE CAVERN. ON THE SURFACE FAR ABOVE, THE GIPSIES HAD BEEN BUSY...



ANSWERING IMMEDIATELY IN HIS GURGLING UNDERSEA LANGUAGE, FISHBOY DIVED DEEP...



THE WORMS TURNED BACK - AND SOON FISHBOY SAW A WHITE HAZE HANGING OVER THE WATER...



REALISING THERE WAS NO HOPE OF ESCAPE EITHER ABOVE, OR IN THE "CORRIDORS OF ETERNAL NIGHT", FISHBOY BEGAN TO EXPLORE THE POOL ITSELF...



A WATER-FILLED TUNNEL CURVED OFF THROUGH THE ROCK - AND THERE, FISHBOY FOUND A MILLING HOST OF RAGWORMS...



GUIDED BY HIS TINY WRIGGLING FRIENDS, FISHBOY SWAM ON! THEN THE TUNNEL SLOPED UPWARDS TO BECOME AN UNDERGROUND STREAM...



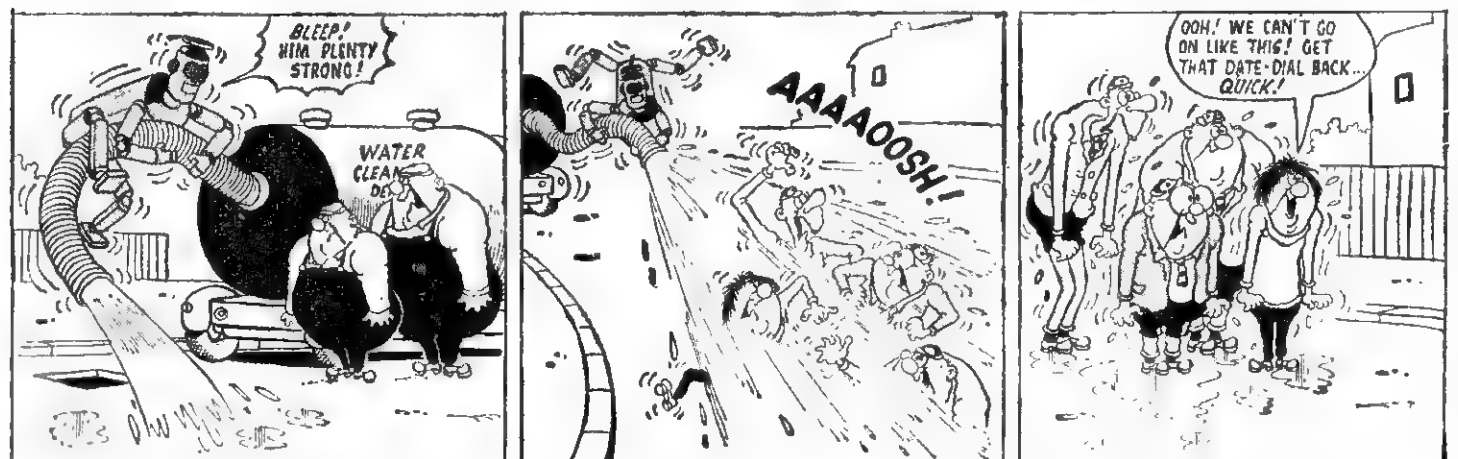
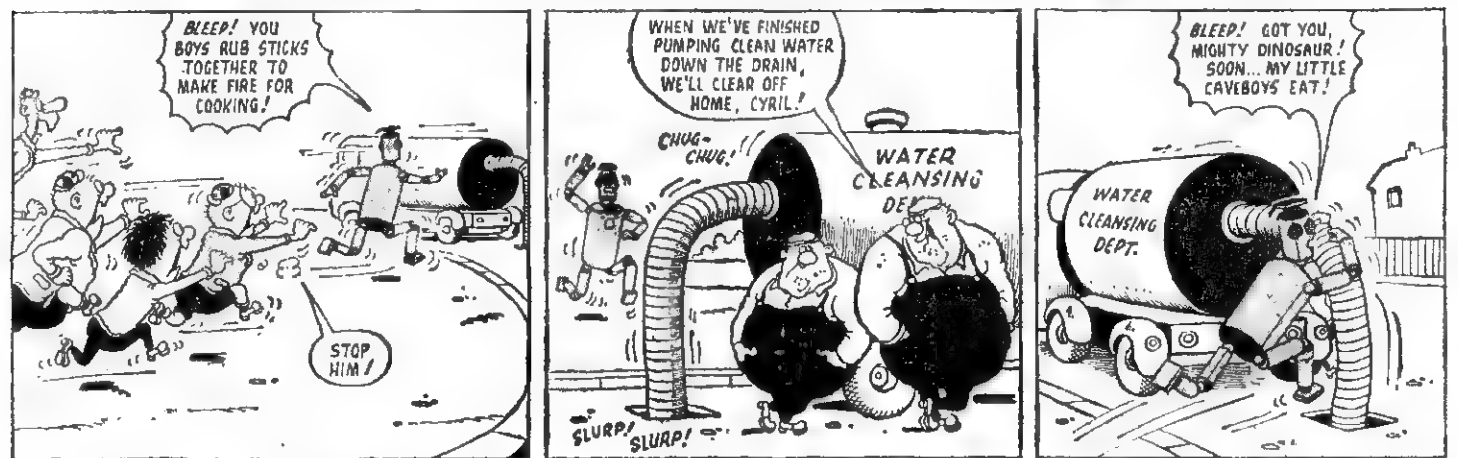
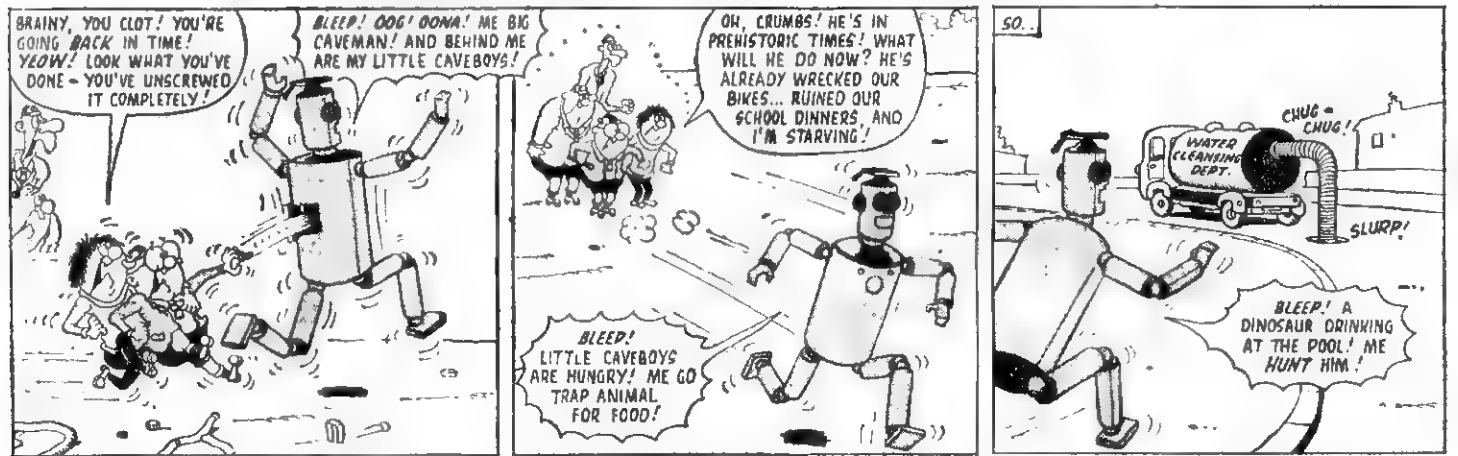
THE STREAM ENTERED A CAVERN AND, TOO LATE, FISHBOY REALISED THE TRUTH...



IS THIS THE END FOR FISHBOY? NEXT WEEK'S EPISODE IS SENSATIONAL!

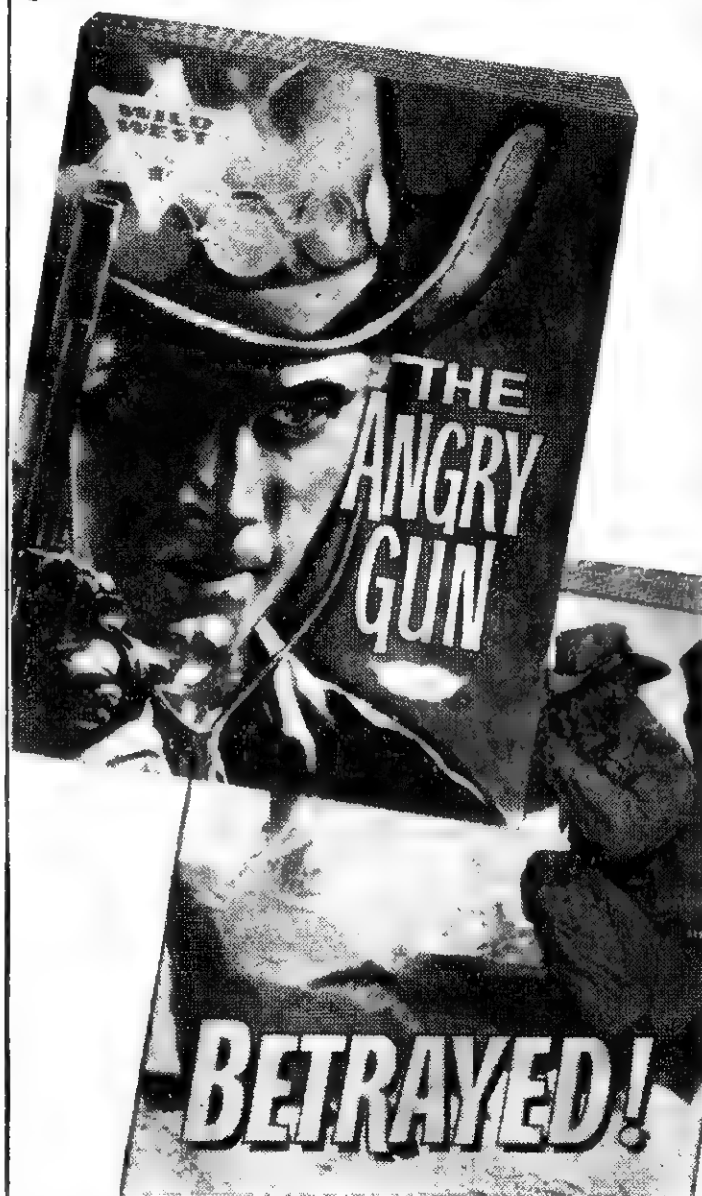
THE BOYS' FORTUNES TAKE ANOTHER TURN FOR THE WORSE... BECAUSE OF A MISTAKE OVER A SWITCH!

T-T TEACHER



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TOWERING OVER THE BOYS STOOD THEIR LEADER'S GREATEST INVENTION... THE CRABBOCRAFT!

CRABBE'S CRUSADERS



Orphan boys "Smiler" Smith, "Red" O'Rork, Willy Evans, and Sammy Greig, had been shipwrecked while on their way to Australia. They reached an uncharted island where a hermit named Professor Crabbe had built up an organisation dedicated to safeguarding peace. Crabbe trained the boys to become his crusaders... and told them their first mission would be to help the peasants of Cortango.

YOU MUST PERSUADE THE PEASANTS TO RISE UP IN REVOLT! I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET INVOLVED IN ANY FIGHTING UNLESS IT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY!

AS SOON AS THE BOYS CLIMBED ABOARD THE ASTOUNDING VEHICLE...

THE CRABBOCRAFT AMBLED AWKWARDLY OUT OF THE EXIT FROM THE ISLAND CHAMBER, THEN PROPELLED ITSELF LIKE A TORPEDO INTO THE SURROUNDING SEA...



OH! IT'S STARTED UP ON ITS OWN!

I CAN'T DRIVE A CAR, LET ALONE THIS!

WILL YE LET ME GET OUTTA HERE?

DON'T PANIC! YOU NEEDN'T TOUCH THE CONTROLS! I SHALL GUIDE YOU TO CORTANGO FROM HERE!

AS IF IN ANSWER TO SMILER'S QUESTION...



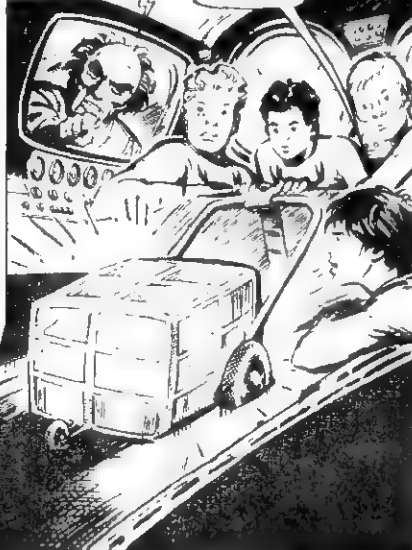
BY THE GREEN GRASS OF OLD IRELAND... WHAT IS IT...?

THIS, MY YOUNG FRIENDS, IS THE CRABBOCRAFT - THE RESULT OF YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY AND ENDEAVOUR!

ON A SCREEN SET IN THE COCKPIT OF THE CRAFT APPEARED THE MAGE OF HERMIT CRABBE.

YOU ARE ON A PRE-SET COURSE FOR CORTANGO. WHEN YOU ARRIVE TAKE THAT MOB LE CONTAINER WITH YOU WHEREVER YOU GO... IT HOLDS GADGETS THAT WILL AID YOU: THE COMPARTMENTS ARE LOCKED, AND ONLY I CAN RELEASE THEM... WHEN - AND IF - I THINK NECESSARY!

CHARMING!



EVENTUALLY...



WE'RE LANDING... THIS MUST BE CORTANGO!

ON THE ISLAND OF FEAR, THE CRUSADERS CAUGHT THEIR FIRST GLIMPSE OF THEIR ADVERSARY!

AS THE BOYS ALIGHTED, THEY DIDN'T NOTICE THE STRANGE BIRD HOVERING OVER THEM...

CRABBE WAS KEEPING AN EYE ON HIS CRUSADERS...

THE BOYS CONCEALED THE CRABBOCRAFT IN THE FOLIAGE AND SET OFF, DRAGGING THE MOBILE GADGET-CONTAINER WITH THEM...

OUR FIRST JOB IS TO LOCATE THE PEASANTS' SETTLEMENT!

L-LOOK!

KEEPING LOW TO AVOID DISCOVERY, THEY MADE THEIR WAY TO THE PEASANT COMMUNITY'S SECTION OF THE ISLAND...

THEY MUST BE THE PEASANTS... AND THEY SURE AIN'T SINGIN' 'APPY BIRTHDAY, PRESIDENT RYFELL!

POOR BLIGHTERS! THEY LOOK AS IF THEY HAVEN'T HAD A SQUARE MEAL FOR YEARS!

COR! WE CERTAINLY PICKED A GOOD TIME TO COME AND MIX THIS DICTATOR GEEZER - IF I'D 'AVE KNOWN I'D 'AVE BROUGHT 'IM A BIRTHDAY PRESENT!

BEFORE THE OTHERS COULD STOP HIM, RED THREW CAUTION TO THE WIND...

PEOPLE OF CORTANGO... WE HAVE COME TO HELP YOU RID YOURSELVES OF RYFELL! YOU MUST RISE UP, UNITE, AND OVERTHROW THIS EVIL DICTATOR!

HAH! DO YOU NOT THINK WE HAVE DREAMED OF THIS? BUT WE ARE WEAK FROM HUNGER. WE WOULD STAND NO CHANCE OF OVERPOWERING RYFELL'S ARMED STATE GUARDS!

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! WE WOULD BE KILLED!

CRABBE'S VOICE, AMPLIFIED THROUGH THE MECHANICAL BIRD, SEEMED TO FILL THE AIR...

THIS DEVICE CAN MAGNIFY THE SUN'S ENERGY! IT WILL FILL THESE PEOPLE WITH NEW VIGOUR AND SPIRIT THAT WILL LAST FOR UP TO TWENTY-FOUR HOURS!

AND...

IT'S SOME KIND OF LAMP...

WHAT THE...?

HERMIT CRABBE MUST HAVE RELEASED A LOCK ON THE CONTAINER!

CONTINUE

A TREACHEROUS ACT THAT SPLET DISASTER FOR THE PEASANT ARMY!

THE SCIENTIST'S INSTRUCTIONS WERE CARRIED OUT, AND AS THE SOLAR ENERGY CRACKLED OUT, A MIRACULOUS CHANGE CAME OVER THE PEASANTS.

I-I FEEL POWER FILLING MY LIMBS.

STRENGTH! MY STRENGTH HAS RETURNED!!

BUT UNSEEN BY THE OTHERS, ONE OF THE PEASANTS HAD AVOIDED THE RAY AND SNEAKED FROM THE SETTLEMENT.

MEANWHILE, THE PEASANT ARMY HAD MADE READY...

THANK YOU! THANK YOU FOR HELPING US TO REGAIN OUR PRIDE!

WITHIN MINUTES, HE WAS TELLING PRESIDENT RYFELL EVERYTHING THAT HAD TRANSPIRED.

SO THOSE FOOL PEASANTS HAVE BEEN STIRRED UP TO REVOLT AGAINST ME, EH? YOU WILL BE WELL REWARDED FOR WARNING ME!

THEY WILL ALL BE CRUSHED... AS WILL THE FOUR BOYS BEARING THE EMBLEM OF A CRAB YOU TELL ME OF! SEND FOR THE COLONEL OF THE STATE GUARD!

O! ONLY WISH WE COULD JOIN IN YOUR FIGHT...!

YEAH! BUT REMEMBER WHAT OLD CRABBE SAID... NO PUNCH UPS UNLESS IT'S NECESSARY!

THE BOYS RETURNED TO THE CRABBOCRAFT AS THE PEASANTS MARCHED THROUGH THE GAY BIRTHDAY PROCESSION TOWARDS THE PALACE...

THE GATES ARE OPEN... AND THE SENTRIES HAVE GIVEN UP THEIR POSTS!

PERHAPS RYFELL WILL LISTEN TO US! MAYBE WE CAN STILL SETTLE THIS PEACEABLY...!

BUT AS SOON AS THEY ENTERED THE PALACE COURTYARD...

AAAGH! WE HAVE BEEN AMBUSHED! WE ARE BETRAYED! UUUUGH!

SO YOU FOOLS ARE CAUGHT IN MY LITTLE TRAP! NOW YOU SHALL PAY FOR YOUR STUPIDITY! LINE THEM UP- THEY SHALL BE EXECUTED AT ONCE!

THROUGH HIS ROVING TV CAMERAS, CRABBE HAD SEEN THE WHOLE SCENE: HE WASTED NO TIME IN CONTACTING THE CRUSADERS... THE PEASANTS HAVE BEEN AMBUSHED! YOU MUST AID THEM AT ONCE...!

BUT HOW CAN WE GET INTO THE PALACE? AND WE HAVE NO WEAPONS TO FIGHT THE GUARDS WITH...!

IN ANSWER, CRABBE RELEASED ANOTHER LOCK ON THE CONTAINER

STUN-GUNS... PARALYSING GRENADES! NOW WE CAN REALLY GET GOIN'...

AND I'VE AN IDEA HOW WE CAN ENTER THE PALACE!

REMEMBER, THOSE WEAPONS HAVE ONLY A STUNNING EFFECT! THEY WILL NOT KILL...!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, ANOTHER ELABORATE FLOAT HAD JOINED THE PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY PROCESSION...

BUT AS I PASSED THE PALACE GATES

GIVE 'ER FULL THROTTLE, SAMMY, MATE...!

KERRAASH!!

THE CRUSADERS HAD ARRIVED IN THE NICK OF TIME...

LET 'EM HAVE IT, MOI LADS!

...ALTHOUGH UNARMED, THE PEASANTS JOINED IN THE FRAY: THANKS TO CRABBE'S MARVELLOUS WEAPONS, THE BATTLE WAS WON IN MINUTES...

RYFELL, YOU ARE UNDER ARREST TOGETHER WITH YOUR TREACHEROUS ALLY! I, AS LEADER OF THE PEASANTS OF CORTANGO, WILL RULE UNTIL THE UNITED NATIONS APPROVE A REPLACEMENT!

WITH THE GRATITUDE OF THE PEASANTS RINGING IN THEIR EARS, THE BOYS ONLY HAD ONE PROBLEM...

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, HERMIT CRABBE... TROUBLE IS, WE'VE SMASHED UP YOUR CRABBOCRAFT... WILL YOU SEND SOMETHING ALONG TO PICK US UP...?

WHAT...?

...IT'LL TAKE ME AGES TO REPLACE A VEHICLE LIKE THAT! IF YOU EXPECT ME TO SEND YOU ANOTHER ONE OF MY DEVICES TO WRECK, YOU ARE MISTAKEN! SET COURSE NOR-NOR-EAST- MAKE YOUR OWN WAY HOME...!

FIVE HOURS LATER... AT LEAST THE CORTANGANS WERE GRATEFUL... THEY GAVE US THIS LIGHT CANOE!

BAH! WE DO AS HE TELLS US... AND THIS IS ALL THE THANKS WE GET!

BUT ALONE IN HIS ISLAND STRONGHOLD, HERMIT CRABBE SHOWED HIS TRUE FEELINGS...

WELL DONE, MY CRUSADERS! I AM PROUD OF YOU! TOGETHER WE WILL BRING PEACE AND GOODWILL TO EARTH!

NEXT MONDAY, THE CRUSADERS ARE SENT ON ANOTHER MISSION... AND FACE DANGER AT EVERY TURN!

BUSTER Giggles

POCKET-MONEY PRIZES TO BE WON EVERY WEEK!

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FOR THE JOKE OF THE WEEK!

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A CASH PRIZE OF 10/- WILL BE AWARDED FOR EACH JOKE PUBLISHED AND £1 FOR THE "JOKE OF THE WEEK"!

(When similar jokes are received, the first one to be judged will be awarded the prize.)

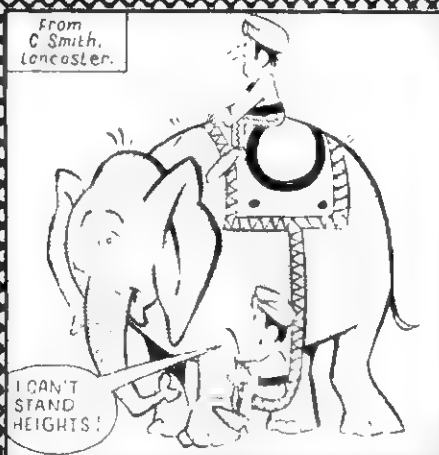
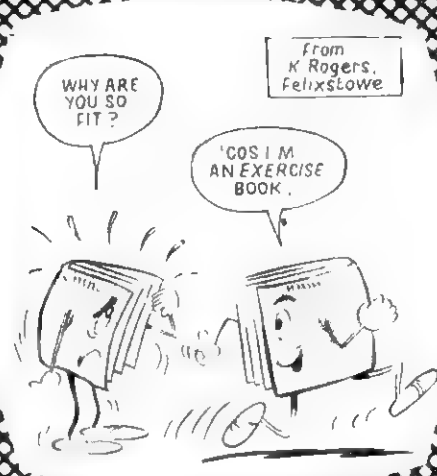
MY THREE FAVOURITE FEATURES ARE:

- 1
- 2
- 3

PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO YOUR POSTCARD.



JOKE of the WEEK



BEHIND THE SCENES WITH THE R.A.F.-2

The Hercules-champion weightlifter



Even at 13 you could make a start—in the Air Training Corps. You'd get lots of fun and thrills, and it would be a great help in joining the R.A.F. later



From 15½ to 17½, you could join as an apprentice. These boys are on a 2-year electronics course. And they get plenty of sport and adventure, too!

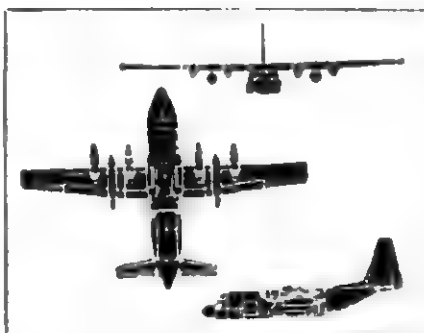


From 17½ onwards, you could come in as a trade trainee. Or with 5 acceptable O-Levels, you could start training as an officer.

The immense Hercules is Air Support Command's express removal van. It can whip 20 tons through the sky at 345 m.p.h. All 66 aircraft have now been delivered.

If a forward detachment needs supplies, the Hercules will oblige with guns, Land Rovers, food, medical supplies—anything that the front line is likely to want. It can drop them by parachute over its rear loading ramp or take them to the nearest airfield—whichever the operation demands. If reinforcements are needed, it is just as happy being a troop carrier. Or if emergency threatens, it will take 64 paratroopers anywhere up to 4,000 miles away and drop them in 10 seconds flat. If it has to refuel, it can land virtually anywhere in the world, because its four turbo-prop engines will use practically any grade of fuel.

When you next see a Hercules winging its way through the sky, remember it's



just about the most versatile freight-transport aircraft yet built. To keep it effective needs the talents of all sorts of different specialists. Aircrew, technicians, mechanics, suppliers, administrators—these are some. And all of them get a first-class, full-time training. If you're interested in aircraft and technology, the R.A.F. might be the life for you one day. Think about it.

Royal Air Force



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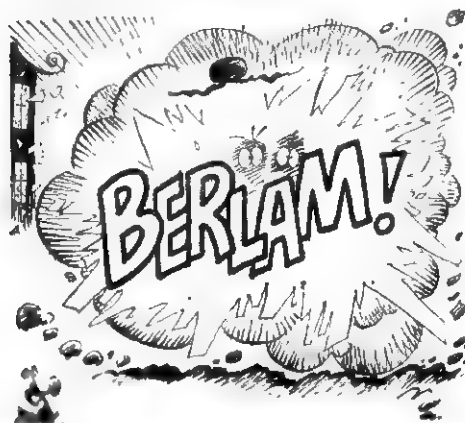
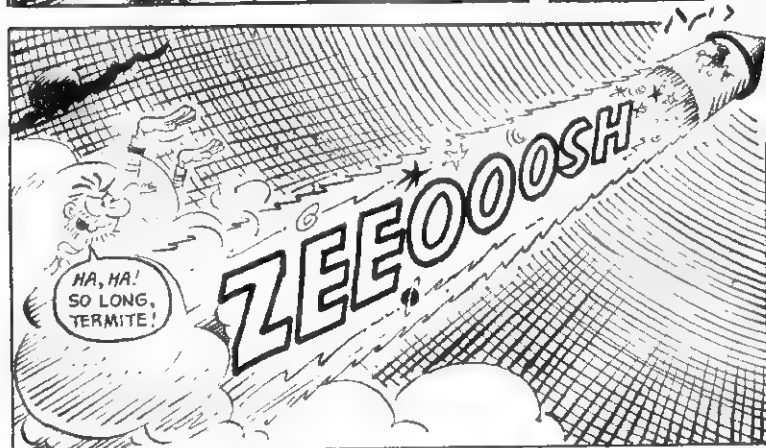
To R.A.F. Careers
Information Service (694YB1),
Victory House, Kingsway,
London, W.C.2.



MAYBE IT'S NOT NOVEMBER THE FIFTH... BUT THERE ARE PLENTY OF FIREWORKS HERE!

CRUNCHER

THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE



GUESS WHO HAS TROUBLE ON HIS PLATE IN CHINA NEXT MONDAY, PALS?

Professor Nutcase



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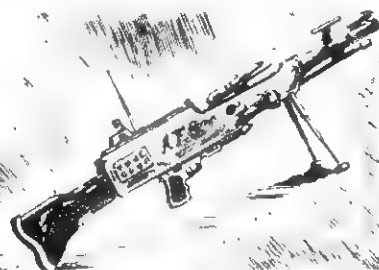
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BAYONA STAMP COMPANY (B)
291, LONDON ROAD, LEFTWICH, NORTHWICH, CHESHIRE

ON THE SEA-BED, SCAFFOLD WENT ABOUT HIS WORK... UNWARE THAT PERIL STALKED THE DEPTHS!



MICKY MARVEL'S MULTI-GUN



Micky Marvel was the guardian of the Multi-Gun, a wonderful toy which he alone could change into a real weapon. On the island of Samana, ruthless Benjamin Scaffold had stolen the Marvels' Aqua-bus so that he could reach the wreck of a sunken Spanish ship. Micky and his father couldn't stop Scaffold submerging the craft.

WE CAN'T FOLLOW SCAFFOLD ON THESE THINGS, MICKY! DIRK HAMMOND IS OUR ONLY CHANCE OF CATCHING UP WITH HIM NOW!

AT THAT INSTANT, IN THE DEPTHS OF DEVIL'S COVE...

THE FOOLS! NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW! SOMEWHERE INSIDE THAT OLD HULK IS THE KEY TO A FORTUNE!

CAN'T THAT OLD TUB OF HIS MOVE ANY FASTER?

MOMENTS LATER, THE RENEGADE SCIENTIST SHOT OUT THROUGH A SPECIAL ESCAPE-HATCH...

AFTER A SWIFT SEARCH THROUGH THE COCKPIT OF THE AQUA-BUS, BENJAMIN SCAFFOLD FOUND WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR!

HOW THOUGHTFUL OF DR. MARVEL TO FURNISH THIS CRAFT WITH ONE OF HIS AQUA-DOMES! HEH, HEH! HIS GENIUS ALMOST MATCHES MY OWN!

PERFECT! NOW TO SEARCH THE WRECK AT MY LEISURE...

PHOOOP!

UNFORTUNATELY, THERE WAS NOT TIME TO ARM MYSELF... BUT THIS SPEAR-GUN SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH ANY EMERGENCIES!

BUT SCAFFOLD WAS IN GREATER DANGER THAN HE KNEW... FOR AT THAT VERY MOMENT A PAIR OF BRIGHT AND VICIOUS EYES WERE WATCHING HIS EVERY MOVEMENT...



MEANWHILE, ON THE SURFACE, THE DOCTOR AND MICKY HAD BOARDED DIRK HAMMOND'S SHIP AND HAD GASPED OUT THEIR AMAZING STORY...

YOU...YOU MEAN THERE'S NO TREASURE ABOARD THE SHIP—JUST THE FRAGMENTS OF A MAP?

TRUE, DIRK! ONCE SCAFFOLD HAS PIECED THE TWO HALVES TOGETHER, HE'LL KNOW THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE TREASURE—RICHES THAT SHOULD BELONG TO THE WHOLE ISLAND!

SO WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM! I'LL NEED TWO SETS OF DIVING-GEAR, AND SOME KIND OF UNDER-WATER TRANSPORT!

ALL I'VE GOT IS A TWO-MAN CHARIOT DOWN IN THE SHIP'S DOCK!

DIRK LED THE WAY TO A FLOODED COMPARTMENT, DEEP IN THE HULL OF THE SHIP, WHERE THE CHARIOT WAS MOORED...

THE AQUA-LUNG MASKS HAVE BUILT-IN RADIOS, DOC! YOU'LL BE ABLE TO KEEP IN CONSTANT VOICE-CONTACT WITH MICKY!

FINE! ALL READY TO GO, SON?

I CAN'T WAIT, DAD!

THE WATCHING SAILORS GOGGLED AT MICKY, AS THE CHARIOT BEGAN TO SUBMERGE...

THE BOY IS NEVER WITHOUT THAT TOY GUN OF HIS... YET WHAT USE WILL IT BE AGAINST THAT FIEND DOWN THERE?

IF ONLY YOU KNEW, CHUM!

AS THE CHARIOT SLID OUT FROM BENEATH THE SHIP, MICKY OPERATED THE MASTER-SWITCH, INSTANTLY TRANSFORMING HIS AMAZING TOY INTO A REAL, MULTI-POWERED WEAPON!

SCAFFOLD HAS A LONG START ON US, DAD! HE MAY HAVE FOUND THE OTHER HALF OF THE MAP, AND GOT AWAY BY NOW!

NO! THERE'S THE AQUA-BUS... AND IT'S EMPTY! WHICH MEANS SCAFFOLD MUST BE SOMEWHERE INSIDE THE WRECK!

ADRIAN MARVEL WAS RIGHT!

THE MAIN CABIN... ONCE OCCUPIED BY RAMON PIZARRO HIMSELF! THE MISSING HALF OF THE TREASURE-MAP MUST BE HERE!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF—

BUT EVEN AS SCAFFOLD STRUGGLED TO OPEN ONE OF THE MOULDERING CASKS...



IT WAS THE MOST GIGANTIC CONGER EEL THAT BENJAMIN SCAFFOLD HAD EVER SEEN!



QUICKLY, THE AWESOME MONSTER GAVE CHASE...



THE GRINDING WRENCH OF SHATTERING PLANKING WAS HEARD CLEARLY BY MICKY AND HIS FATHER...



MICKY SHOT OVER THE SIDE-RAIL TO TAKE A LOOK...



INSTINCTIVELY, MICKY LET FLY WITH THE MULTI-GUN'S AUTOMATIC RIFLE...



THEN, AS THE GIGANTIC EEL CONVULSED IN PAIN AND RAGE, ITS ENORMOUS TAIL LASHED ROUND, AND...

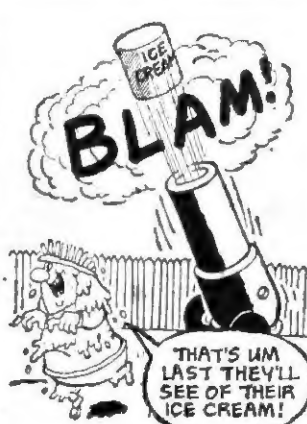
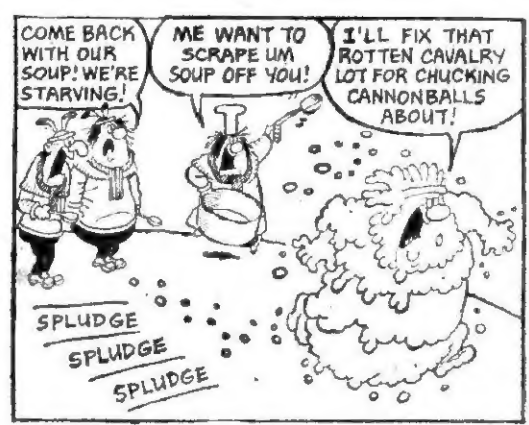
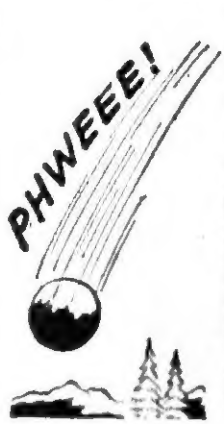


MY STARS! THE IMPACT HAS CRACKED THE MAST! IT... IT'S GOING TO FALL RIGHT ON TOP OF ME!

MICKY'S LIFE IS IN DANGER! CAN HE ESCAPE DISASTER? READ ON NEXT MONDAY!

BIG CHIEF

POW WOW



SOON...

I'VE
COME TO
RESCUE YOU,
FAIR MAID!

TUT!
NOT
TONIGHT
YOU
CAN'T!

YE NOTTINGHAM FOREST FOOTBALL TEAM ARE PLAYING AT HOME TONIGHT! SO YE SHERIFF'S MEN WILL BE WATCHING FROM YE WINDOWS AND THEY'D SEE US SLIP OUT!

A black and white cartoon panel. A man in a suit and tie is pointing his right index finger at a woman sitting at a desk. The woman has short, dark, curly hair and is looking up at the man with a slightly surprised or questioning expression. She is wearing a light-colored, patterned dress. On the desk in front of her is a small, rectangular object, possibly a typewriter or a small box. The background is simple, with a window showing a view of a city skyline. A speech bubble from the man says, "HANDY, I SUPPOSE?".

ROBIN HOOD SAW BUSTER LAND...

BUSTER'S BACK— BUT, WHERE IS MAID MARION?

A cartoon illustration showing a man in a hat and boots holding a key, with a boy and a girl looking on. A castle is in the background. The man is saying, "VERILY! THE THINGS THOU DREAM UP!" and the boy is saying, "SHE'S STILL INSIDE — BUT THIS KEY WILL GET YOU INTO THE CASTLE! IF YOUR MATES SHOOT OUT THE FLOODLIGHTS, YOU CAN NIP IN AND NAB MAID MARION!"

SHE'S STILL INSIDE — BUT THIS KEY WILL GET YOU INTO THE CASTLE! IF YOUR MATES SHOOT OUT THE FLOODLIGHTS, YOU CAN NIP IN AND NAB MAID MARION!

VERILY! THE THINGS THOU DREAM UP!

MEANWHILE, SOMEBODY ELSE WAS TAKING A SHOT...



COO! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE LIGHTS? I CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M BOOTING THE BALL!

NO GOAL! WHAT A MISS.
THE CENTRE FORWARD
WAS COMPLETELY IN
THE DARK WHEN HE
TOOK A SHOT!

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